

A Sweet Scented Rose

By

Jean de Rosin



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A Sweet-Scented Rose

Clark, Adelbert Gilroy
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By

Jean de Rosin



Lakeport, N. H.

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To my friend

George Le Guere

whose splendid work as the young priest in the photoplay, "Destiny or The Soul of a Woman" prompted me to write the poems, "A Sweet-Scented Rose" and "Destiny" this little book is inscribed.

Jean de Rosin



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A SWEET-SCENTED ROSE

“ ’Tis here on my desk
 in a crystal vase
All wet as with sparkling
 dew,
For I gathered the flower
 from my garden bow’r
After the shower
 was through.
’Tis a rose bloodred,
 and its petals smooth,
Are soft as the morning-
 close,
And I drink in love,
 the while I dream,
Under the sweet
 red rose.

“I stood in a garden—
 a convent-place
Where a fountain
 rose and fell,
And the flowers were rare
 and the birds sang sweet,
And I heard a silver
 bell.
And a young man dressed
 in a priestly gown
Came near for an hour’s
 repose,
And he touched my soul
 with his kindly grace—
He gave me a sweet
 red rose.

“There was light, there
was love & question, too,
In that face divinely
fair;
In my dreams I have seen
him again and again,
But lo! I cannot
tell where.
But sometime, I’m sure,
I will see once more
That place that no evil
knows,
And that saintly soul
in the priestly gown
That gave me the sweet
red rose.

“ Each year it grows
 in my garden bow’r
With one little fragrant
 bloom
That opens for me
 when the waning year
Is hinting of frost
 and gloom.
And I place it here
 in the crystal vase
While the wind of Autumn
 blows,
And dream of the youth
 in the priestly gown
Who gave me the sweet
 red rose.

(A year later.)

Last night she died
 in the chapel old;
She had wandered there
 in the night,
And her storm-tossed soul
 went out to God,
Just under the chapel
 light.

As the good priest touched
 her lips sin-soiled
With the way of life
 she chose,
She smiled and said:
 “'Twas you, who gave
To me, the sweet
 red rose!”

SEAWARD

I turn my weary eyes
at night, seaward,
And breath a fragrant
o'er the billows free,
From gardens where old-
fashioned flowers grow,
Where one, a slender
maiden waits for me.
Ah, such a little cabin
worn and gray,
With roses blooming
'round it pure & white!
But Rosa comes to woo me
in my dreams—
She fills my soul with
worship and delight.

I turn my weary eyes
at night, seaward,
And hear her sweetly
singing on the shore;
She sings a song of love
that haunts me still—
Her song will dwell with
me forevermore.
The pleasures of the world
can never drown
The glories that I knew
in days gone by,
They come to me with
every dream and sound—
They cheer me with each
morning's sun-kissed sky.

ROSES

You ask me for the
sweetest roses?

They grow in human
hearts;

They do not shatter
in a day,

They have no poison
darts.

They live in every garden,
too,

In spite of wind
and rain,

They blossom cloudy
days and all,

And smile 'mid loss
or gain.

The beautiful, is often
frail,
And fadeth
in a day;
The sweet too, often
leaves a sting
That endeth
in decay.
Then choose the kind
and faithful ones—
The ever tried
and true;
Give to the world
the best you have,
And the best will come
to you.

These are the sweetest
roses friend,
That I have ever
known;
They blossom when
the year is cold,
And other friends
have flown;
When Wintry days
of doubt and fear
Draw near with
shadows long,
And nights are filled
with darkest gloom,
These friends can
make us strong.

ENCOURAGEMENT

The little crosses that
we bear
Would not seem half
so great,
If we would loosen up
the chains
Of envy and
of hate;
If we would sing
the happy song
that others love
to hear,
Even though it did
not bring to us
A grain of hope
or cheer.

The cross is not
so heavy, when
We help another
soul,
We're on a higher
plane and stand
Much nearer
to the goal.
Take heart, dear friend,
and sing the song
That other souls
would hear,
And the singing of
the song shall be
The sunshine
of the year.

The little crosses
that we bear
Will lessen in their
weight,
And strength will come
renewed to us
Before we reach
the gate.
A smile will take the
place of scowl
When we have reached
the morn.
The sweetest lilies
ever grew,
In blackest soil
were born.

MADONNA

Gray mist and purple
clouds

Hang o'er the wintry
sky,

And lo! a mother
sings

A tender
lullaby.

A love-star through
the clouds

Is twinkling
in the west,

The while the mother
sings,

Her babe upon
her breast.

Violet mist and gray
clouds,
And here and there
a rose,
A cross, a bleeding
form,
A host of bitter
foes.
But still through Wintry
hours
That blur a dreary
sky,
A mother to her
babe,
Sings low, a
lullaby.

THE VIOLETS BLUE

'Tis violet time,
and in the vale
The birds are sweetly
singing;
From twig to branch
they flutter by,
Where diamond dews
are swinging.
And underneath the
mighty trees
Where warm south-
winds are blowing,
The straying sunbeams
light the way
Where violets blue
are growing.

From out among the
withered leaves
Of last year's blooming
glory,
The violets blue
are waking up
With faces full
of story;
A story of new coming
joys
To crown Life's way
adorning,
Though storms and
sunshine will appear
To greet the coming
morning.

They'll bring to many
 a mothers' heart,
A soldier lad that's
 sleeping
In far off France,
 beneath the stars—
Eternal watch is
 keeping.
But to one and all,
 the great and small,
O'er meadow-lands
 a-blowing,
A loving message comes
 from where
The violets blue
 are growing.

BEAUTY'S SONG

There's a singing
 in the garden
Like the songs
 of other days,
There are flowers
 rich and fragrant
All along the
 country ways.
There is sunshine
 where the shadows
Used to linger
 deep and long,
There is love-light,
 there is sweetness,
In my Beauty's
 happy song.

There is roses
 in the garden,
Like the ones
 of other days,
There is silver in
 the fountain
And along the
 winding ways.
There is faith and
 prayer & question,
And a heart that's
 full and strong,
There is glory,
 there is Heaven,
In my Beauty's
 happy song.

There's a singing
 in the garden
Like the songs
 of other days,
There is love that
 knows no parting
In life's deep
 enchanted ways.
There is joy and peace
 eternal,
Free from doubt and
 guilt and wrong,
There is love-light,
 there is sweetness,
In my Beauty's
 happy song.

THE LILY OF FRANCE

A bluebird sang in sunny
France,
A song of love—
an old romance,
Of how a king once
wooed a maid
Who lived within a violet
glade.
But ere their happy
wedding-day,
Which was the first
of flowery May,
They found her dead upon
the stair—
A broken flow'r, pure
and fair.

The king, he placed her
in his tomb,
A form so like a lily
bloom;
He kissed her lips
and turned away
To seek the chancel-rail
to pray,
And lo! there lay before
his feet,
A sacred lily pure
and sweet,
He picked it up and vowed
'twould be
An emblem of her
purity.

A bloodred moon was
 hanging low
Above the hills of drifted
 snow,
And looked like blood
 against the sky
Where noisy rooks were
 flitting by.
But still across the frosty
 air
The vesper-bells called
 all to pray'r.
But lo! the king was sad
 and lone;
'Twas mockery—
 his royal throne.

The king is dead & sleeps
beside
The sacred dust, his
would-be bride,
And many years have
passed they say,
Since that first sad
evenful day.
And still the lily blossoms
sweet
Amid the summers rain
and heat,
And still an emblem
it will be
For France, through all
eternity.

WHITE ASTERS

Like stars in a purple
setting,
And veiled in filmy
sheen
Of cloudlets whose snowy
whiteness
Lies fluent and cold
between
Me and the loved ones
in Glory,
Is the asters pure
and white
That bloom in my lonely
garden,
At the kiss of the morning
light.

They seem like the friends
of childhood,
I knew in by-gone
years;
They look like the flowers
of Heaven
That were lain on those
sable biers.
But they cheer and fill
me with glories;
And when I am called
to go,
I hope friends will bury
my Sorrows,
Where the snow white
asters grow.

BELLS AT RHEIMS

The bells at Rheims sadly
tolls

A requiem for France's
bravest souls.

They make a sweet and
solemn song

That lingers till the shadows
long

Have deepened on the
lowland drear—

The fertile field and misty
mere,

And many a mother
waiting there,

Pours out her heart to God
in pray'r.

The bells at Rheims sweetly
ring
For rich and poor, for
priest and king,
And as the twilight shadows
slant,
The good priest in his holy
chant,
Looks out upon the dull
gray sky,
Where dusky bats flit swiftly
by,
And there is love-light
in his face
That tells of life and peace
and grace.

The bells of Rheims sadly
ring—
Her maidens bravely
try to sing,
The distant thundering
of the guns,
Are like Death's cruel
orisons,
The bloodred sky for miles
afar
Is broken but by one
bright star,
And many a mother
waiting there,
Pours out her heart to God
in pray'r.

A SONG

Across the hills the
 slanting rays
Of dying sunbeams
 strayed
Until across the meadow-
 lands,
The mountains stood
 arrayed—
Ablazing like the roses
 red,
Or fair as
 tourmalines
Reflecting on the waters
 breast,
Above the stately
 pines.

But soon they lost their
splendid pink,
For sunset glory
dies.

And in its sea of gold,
a star

Illumed the quiet
skies.

And from the west the
zephyrs blew,

And from the whip-poor-
wills,

My soul rejoiced and I
sang too,

Among the fragrant
hills.

THE WHITE DOVE

The good priest from his
window high,
Looked out upon the
night,
And saw the clouds go
drifting by
Like shreds of garments
white.
His thoughts were of the
blessed Christ,
The Prince of Peace who
died,
Who suffered all the pangs
of Death—
By men was
crucified.

The wind blew cool upon
his brow,
And from the cloister
close,
The night-wind fanned
his heavy scrow—
He breathed the scent
of rose.
And lo! a vision of
the cross
As white as drifted
snow,
Appeared upon the windy
hill,
Like that of long
ago.

He saw the Christ—he
heard His prayer,
He heard the mock, the
sneer,
He saw the bleeding Christ
up there,
He saw a mother's
tear.
“Father, forgive them”,
he heard from lips
That fast were turning
blue,
He listened! yes, 'twas
from the Christ—
“They know not what
they do.”

The good priest from his
window high,
Looked out upon the
night,
And saw above the cloister
fly,
A dove with wings
of white.
He saw it shape its course
away,
O'er field and wooded
pine,
And knew it journeyed
back again,
To far off
Palestine.

The good priest told his
people how
The white dove came
to him,
Of how he saw the blood-
stained brow
Of Christ, a vision
dim.
And lo! before the altar-
rail,
They knelt them down
to pray,
For God had sent a blessing
there,
That holy Sabbath
day.

THE LILAC-SCENTED
MIDNIGHT

Out from the lilac-scented
midnight

Rich with the countless
stars,

The roses broke from
their prison

Of green and shell-pink
bars.

Love tapped at my chamber-
window—

I threw the lattice
wide,

And into my soul came
sweeping,

The joys from the Other
Side.

The horizon, gray as the
 mother-of-pearl,
Bent low to touch the
 plain,
As the breath of the roses
 and lilacs
Came back to my soul
 again.
The moon flooded the garden
 with glory,
Silver and white like
 a bride,
While into my soul came
 sweeping,
The joys from the Other
 Side.

THE CLOISTER

Alone with God I talk
and dream
In gardens sweet with
fern and rose,
I count my blessings and
I muse
In this sweet calm and
deep repose.
And when I look upon
His face,
The blessed Christ who
died for me,
I pray that I may teach
some soul,
The vast, the broad,
eternity.

The slender blades
of the morning sun
Tipped the bright founting
with its gold,
And lingered on the
budding rose—
I watch its crimson leaves
unfold.

The mignonette and
lavender
All breathe a life of holy
peace,
And when I say my beads
to God,
The things that made
a discord cease.

'Tis sweet, this life
of endless peace,
Where not a hint of evil
falls;
I walk the quiet courts
of God,
I worship in the sacred
halls.
And when I look upon
his face,
The blessed Christ who died
for me,
I pray that I may teach
some soul,
The vast, the broad,
eternity.

THE WORLD'S NEED

Speak a little word
of kindness,
When a soul is going
wrong,
Don't live life as though
in blindness,
Sing some happy
song.
Take some weak & fallen
brother
As a brother, by
the hand;
Let him feel there
is another,
Who can rightly
understand.

Why should we be always
dreary
When a soul is going
wrong?
Why should we be always
weary
When the world is full
of song?
Life is now, too much
in blindness,
Reeking in the ways
of wrong;
O, we need so much
of kindness!
Kindly words, good cheer
and song.

Speak a little word
of kindness,
When the days are dark
and drear;
Lead the shadowed souls
from blindness
And the doubting paths
of fear.
Try and mend the hearts
nigh broken
That you meet from day
to day,
Give out love, Life's
sweetest token—
Scatter sunshine while
you may.

THE HILLS OF GASCONY

Among the hills
of Gascony
The birds are sweetly
singing,
The roses blossom
all the day,
The convent-bells
are ringing.
And I am very far
away—
From my dear home
I'm straying,
But for the hills
of Gascony,
My soul today
is praying.

Among the hills
of Gascony
I see a cabin
gleaming—
Among the stately trees
it stands,
A low-roofed cabin
dreaming.
The sheep are grazing
on the slope,
Gay butterflies
are playing,
While for the hills
of Gascony,
My soul today
is praying.

Among the hills
of Gascony
Those purple hills
of glory,
Where many a silver
brooklet flows,
Love weaves a sweeter
story
Than I had dreamed—
alas!
My foolish mind went
straying;
But for the hills
of Gascony,
My soul today
is praying.

Among the hills
of Gascony,
A mother's voice
is calling,
The morning-glories
touch her face—
Her tears for me
are falling.
Dear mother! of my
dreams of God
Who marks the lad
that's straying,
For you and hills
of Gascony,
My soul is ever
praying.

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

A heavy shower
is raging:
It beats against
the pane,
The swaying ivy
taps the wall
Again, and still
again.
And here before me
as I write,
A pack of letters
lie,
With loving thoughts,
from loving friends,
As pure as azure
sky.

Like flowers they cheer
me night and day;
I read them o'er
and o'er;
I often dream those
happy friends
Are knocking
at the door.
I start, as if to let
them in,
When lo! they seem
to flee.
The night-winds come
and they are gone—
Save memory
and me.

They are like flowers,
I love them all,
And talk with them
by day;
At night I read them—
every one
Brings calm and peace
my way.
I call one rose, because
'tis sweet
With sentiments
divine,
And one I call
the marigold,
Because it seems
to shine.

Then here is one,
forget-me-not—
'Tis tinted royal
blue,
And came from one,
a sweetheart, yes,
A charmer, through
and through.
Then here's a score
of daisies white—
For pretty girls
I know,
And one like myrtle,
emerald green,
A friend—
a year ago.

A bouquet of flowers
to me—
Methinks they come
at night,
When moonbeams on
the distant hill,
Is soft as candle
light.
They lightly tap
upon the door,
And climb the creak-
ing stair,
But if I go to welcome
them,
I find no one
is there.

But someday, I shall
 find them there;
I know not when
 'twill be.
They'll come when Death
 shall bid me go—
I'm sure they'll
 follow me.
My friends—they will
 not leave me then,
But follow in my
 train,
And with them near
 forevermore,
I shall not fear
 the pain.

MY CAPTAIN

My little boat
is sailing
Over the quiet
sea
Of Time, with all
its troubles
And calms, that may
come to me.
I fear not the storms
assailing—
I know my captian
knows.
He knows the course
I'm taking—
I'm sure, my captain
knows.

My little boat
is sailing
And though the
night is long,
And the billows
tower like mountains,
I sing my sweetest
song.

For although the sea
is madd'ning,
I know my captian
knows.

He knows the course
I'm taking—
I'm sure, my captain
knows.

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE

In dear old France,
 beneath the stars,
The earth is torn
 and scarred;
The churches where
 so many prayed,
By shot and shell
 is starred.
Debris is everywhere
 for miles,
And near a shattered
 pine,
The moonbeams fall
 on Christ up there—
The marble wayside
 shrine.

Full, in the silver
light He stands
Nailed to the cruel
cross.

A sacrifice for wayward
men;
Indeed, a proud world's
loss.

But still the cannons
boom and roar,
And still red blood
runs deep,
While mothers tell
the story of
The Shepherd and
his sheep.

The sky is crimson
in the east—
'Tis not the heaven's
glow!
'Tis but the glare
of raging Hell
That struggles to
and fro.
The air is filled with
sickening smoke
That mar the things
divine,
But still the moon
reveals the Christ,
The marble wayside
shrine.

His feet are stained
with bloody hands,
For soldiers perished
there;

They came to seek
forgiveness, and
Breathe a little
prayer.

They lie around the
sacred spot

With faces pale
and wan;

They lived and loved,
yea worshiped Him,
The righteous Son
of Man.

All through the night
of fire and smoke,
Is heard the vesper-
bell,
And mothers clasp
their babies close,
And still the story
tell!
How long, dear Lord,
how long, how long,
Must this destruction
be?
How long must France
be scarred by war
And mockery toward
Thee?

The marble form
of Christ stands dumb;
The moonbeams
on his face,
Shows not the sign
of one sweet smile,
In that benighted
place.
Yes! there's a sign,
for lo! he stands
Pure white, against
the pine.
The Purity! the blood-
stained Christ!
The marble wayside
shrine.

MAKE A SONG

Make a little song
as twilight
Falls across the summer
sky;
Let it be in sweetest
measure,
Like a mother's
lullaby.
Let it down the years
go ringing,
Spite of all the ills
and wrong;
Weave into it all
the sunshine,
For the world would
hear a song.

Make a little song
when trouble
Starts a-brooding
on your way;
Let it be in sweetest
measure,
And 'twill glorify
the day.
Let it through your
life go ringing,
Sweeping every doubt
along;
Round it up with
love and sunshine,
For the world would
hear a song.

Make a little song
 when twilight
Brings its balm
 for every sigh;
Let it be in sweetest
 measure,
Like a mother's
 lullaby.
Let it down the years
 go ringing,
Baffling the ways
 of wrong;
Weave into it all
 the sunshine,
For the world would
 hear a song.

MY CRUCIFIX

Out from the dust of the
faded years,
The years that were blurred
with bitter tears,
My crucifix one morning
arose
Out from the depth that
sorrow knows,
And into my heart a great
joy came,
That burned and glowed
as with living flame,
For the Master was there
with love and song,
And a balm for the heart
that had wandered wrong.

I heard the call & looked
to meet
The thorn-crowned head
and bleeding feet;
The dust of years blew
across His face;
He moaned, but bore a
noble grace.
Then to my heart that long
had erred
To things of doubt where
sorrow lured,
My crucifix, pure, spotless,
white,
Arose to greet the morning
light.

The dust of years was swept
away;

My heart was calm, that
perfect day.

I raised my eyes to the hills
of song,

And turned my feet from
the paths of wrong.

My crucifix with its bleeding
form,

Stands high in the world
of darkest storm,

And I need its charm—its
holy pow'r—

I need its guidance from
hour to hour.

A LEGEND OF THE PEARL

Once, 'twas said a fisher-
maiden

Loved a sailor lad
in blue;

Ah, she loved this Navy
laddie,

With a love sincere
and true.

But a duty stern and
pressing,

Called him forth across
the sea,

So he clasped her close
and whispered:

“Dearest, I will live
for thee.”

Every night she walked
the seashore
Till her hair was silver-
gray,
Waiting, watching for
the lover,
Many, many miles
away.
And 'twas said her teardrops
falling,
Rolled into the restless
sea,
As if searching for the
lover—
“Dearest I will think
of thee.”

By the magic of the
ocean,
And the warm true love
she gave,
They were gathered by
King Neptune
And were hidden in his
cave.

One by one the sly
young Oysters,
Found and brought them
all away,
This is how we have the
beauties,
And are wearing them
today.

A WEAVER OF SONNETS

He wrote a little sonnet,
 sweet,
With Love and happy
 song,
And in it wove some
 violets blue
To make it double
 strong.
He found two souls
 a-drifting,
And brought them back
 again,
And taught them how
 to worship right,
And smile 'mid loss
 or gain.

Next day he saw them
 watching close,
The sunset's golden
 glow,
Upon the peaceful river
 bank,
Within the vale
 below.
And so his sonnet outlived
 wrong,
To bless the weaver with
 its song.

THE KINGDOM OF THE
HEART .

The heart is a mighty
kingdom

Where love and hatred
dwell;

Where pleasure reigns
in sunshine,

And evil weaves
its spell.

It is like this grand old
planet,

Of which we are a
part;

It takes the storm and
sunshine,

To make a human
heart.

The heart is a mighty
kingdom,
And filled with countless
wrongs;
There are sacrament and
solace,
Well rounded up with
wrongs.
There are storms & griefs
and anguish,
And worries to
annoy,
For without these—
troubled reader,
We could not taste the
joy.

The heart is a mighty
kingdom,
Love reigns upon
the Throne,
But in its loyal
splendor,
It does not rule
alone!
Behind its purple
glory,
Our pomp and pride
still stand,
And death and hate
and envy,
Is in its outstretched
hand.

The heart is a mighty
kingdom
Where love and hatred
dwell;
Where pleasure reigns
in sunshine,
And evil weaves
its spell.
It is like this grand old
planet,
Of which we are a
part;
It takes the storm and
sunshine,
To make a human
heart.

“LE CHANT DE LA CLOCHE”

Softly through the woodlands
stealing,

Rang a note so sweet
and long,

That it seemed to fill
the forest

With a symphony
of song.

And a master of the
anvil

Tried to imitate the
theme,

And he made with clanging
silver,

Something that was like
his dream.

Then he placed it in the
treetops
'Mong the slender branches
long,
And it sounded like
an angel
In a happy summer
song.
And the world since then
has labored
Imitating wood and
dell,
And we call it just
the ringing
Of the master's silver
bell.

Softly through the woodland
stealing,
Rang a note so sweet
and long,
That the fairies interwove
it
In their symphonies
of song.
But the master of the
anvil
Died, and lo! they heard
a knell,
But his foes they laughed
and prattled:
“’Tis the master’s silver
bell!”

If you listen in the
woodland
Where the trees stand all
arrayed,
You will hear it softly
pealing
O'er each cool and ferny
glade.
For the master still
is living
In some quiet fragrant
dell,
And you'll hear his anvil
ringing
As he forms a silver
bell.

ELYSIUM

Deep within my heart there's
a little fragrant garden
Where the flowers of love
are blooming all the day;
There is a cool and quiet corner
where I muse,
And watch the yellow butterflies
at play.
Elysium, I call this quiet
restful spot
Where the fragrant breezes
from my garden blow,
And where a marble fountain's
crystal waters toss
And light winds wave the roses
to and fro.

'Tis here I love to sit when day
with all its toils are done,
And weave the blessings I have
had in gentle rhyme
That they may quicken other
souls less frail than mine,
No matter what their station
be—or clime.
Elysium, a quiet place to rest
in peace, and dream
Of glories that shall make
the heart rebound with love
And calm, so like the great and
infinite calm of Heaven,
That we are told lies just beyond
the realms above.

No mocking phantoms ever come
to mar this holy peace
That in my quiet garden ever
reigns,
Nor is there any sorrow among
the roses fair and sweet,
Nor anything that hints
of nettling pains.
Elysium, I call this green
secluded spot,
Where birds so sweetly sing
at eventide,
'Tis here I find my Heaven
where I can talk with God
And look beyond the shadows
far and wide.

THE TANSENDECHON

ROSE

A shaft of dying
sunbeam

Was scarlet on the
hill,

And a robin at the
fountain

Was perched to drink
his fill.

The south wind bore
a message,

A hint of coming
rain,

And the fairest rose
to blossom,

When the morning
dawned again.

An angel came and
planted
A green and thrifty
flow'r
With dark green leaves
that glistened;
'Twas as the midnight
hour.
And lo! when golden
morning
Lit up the garden-
close,
There stood arrayed
in beauty,
The promised sunset
rose.

It had the sunbeams'
 beauty;
It had a queenly
 grace,
And made the garden's
 glory,
A kind of sacred
 place.
'Twas gemmed with rain
 that jeweled
O'er night the garden-
 close.
They called the lovely
 flower,
The Tansendechon
 rose.

The bride of blushing
summer
Was never half so
fair.
'Tis like a soul from
Heaven;
A mother's answered
prayer.
And still in rarest
gardens
Where love and beauty
goes,
Amid the rarest
flowers,
You'll find the sunset
rose.

PETE

“When I am no longer
lovely, Pete,
Will your love be as
true?”

“Yes, my dear,” he whispered
“I will
Love and worship
you.”

They were standing 'neath
a starlit sky,
The month was balmy
June,
They drank deep from Love's
flowing cup
Beneath a star-crowned
moon.

The years went by and still
the flow'rs came
And blossomed by the
way.
And she grew old and blind
and lame—
Her hair was silver
gray.
And by and by she died
and left Pete
A stranger on the
hill;
The winters came with
all their bitter storms,
But he was faithful
still.

One cold stormy night
they found poor Pete
In his dingy cabin
old;
He had died there of grief
and hunger,
Long before the morning's
gold.
In the little village
churchyard where
The roses blossom
sweet,
There stands a little cross
that bears
A single name—
'tis "Pete".

A SONNET FOR MY LADY'S
GARDEN

You'll find geraniums and
hollyhocks,
And lavender and larkspurs,
too,
And marigolds and ten-weeks
stalk,
And Scotland's bonny bells
of blue.
You'll find the yellow roses
there,
Beside the high stone garden-
wall,
A bridal-wreath and daisies
white,
And salmon lilies fair
and tall.

And in the fountain's crystal
pool
Where fishes love all day
to play,
You'll find the water lilies
white,
And fragrant for the summer
day.
All these within my lady's
garden grow for me
In sunny France, across the
sea.

THE POET'S DREAM

Last night the sea was
smooth—a calm

Lay on the mighty
deep;

The moon that spread
a silver flame,

A silent watch did
keep.

My soul was singing
all the while,

And lo! there came
to me,

The vision of a happy
face,

From o'er the quiet
sea.

Red roses veiled in
 moonbeams pale,
Lay on her marble
 breast.

“I gathered them
 for thee, my love—
To peaceful make
 thy rest.”

And then I saw a
 phantom ship
With sails all snowy
 white,
It seemed to come—
 I know not where,
In floods of morning
 light.

And then I woke—the sea
was calm,
And on the mighty
deep,
The moon a magic potion
of
Its silver, seemed
to steep.
For lo! behold, the haunting
breath
Of roses came
to me—
Her presence seemed to fill
my soul,
Last night upon
the sea.

SONGS AT EVENTIDE

In deep shadows and purple
haze,
Rose-pink petals and
woodland ways,
'Neath twinkling stars and
soft moonbeams,
By babbling brooks and
silver streams,
And bosky dells where
vapors glide,
Are songs more sweet
at eventide.

When all the house is hushed
and still,
And there are whisperings
on the hill
Of zephyrs in the branches
long,
A-crooning like a cradle-
song,—
The fireplace's glow with
hearthstone wide,
These are the songs at
eventide.

Where one can sit and dream
and muse,
And rid his soul of earthly
“blues”,
When love comes back through
all the years
In myrrh and lavender
and tears,
From silent shadows deep
and wide,
Come sweetest songs
at eventide.

AUTUMN

The wind was in the crimson
leaves,
Like some lost soul was
sighing;
I climbed the hill
at sunset,
And watched the sweet day
dying.
All pink and silver
gleaming—
Like rose leaves in the
morning,
Or like the coming
of a bride,
Prepared for Love's
adorning.

The breath of dying
 roses
Brought back one day
 of splendor;
One autumn day of green
 and gold,
When love was young
 and tender.
We parted ne'er to meet
 again—
The day was slowly
 dying,
And from that hour my soul
 was changed,
Like autumn-time—'twas
 sighing.

I climbed the hill
at sunset,
A shaft of gold was
beaming,
And fell across a lowly
grave
Where frost-flowers were
a-gleaming
A little cross of white—
alas!
Tells of a blighted
glory,
Of shattered hopes and
haunted dreams—
Life's sad autumnal
story.

JUST GOLDENROD

There's a ray of golden
sunshine
That the morning has
forgot,
In a cool and shady
corner
Of my little garden
plot.
And it formed a yellow
flower,
From the rich untrampled
sod,
And it blossoms every
season,
Just a spray of
goldenrod.

There's a ray of golden
sunshine
Beaming in my soul
today,
For a sweet and loyal
friendship
Rolled the heavy clouds
away.
And I found a wonderful
flower,
Where kind souls have
rarely trod—
'Tis the emblem of God's
kingdom—
Just a spray of
goldenrod.

There's a ray of golden
sunshine
For the weary passer-
by,
And it borders field and
woodland,
When the Autumn days
are nigh.
'Tis a gift of matchless
beauty
From the harvest teeming
sod,
And it blooms for you,
my brother,
Just a spray of
goldenrod.

ON THE MOUSAM

Across the quiet

waters

The silver moonbeams

lay,

And now and then the

zephyrs

Would dance in youthful

play.

The aroma of

summer—

The ghosts of long

ago,

Swept on across

its bosom,

Whose tiny wreaths

of snow,

Go laughing to the
ocean,
The ever restless
sea,
Who claims them for its
treasures,
Deep-bound in
mystery.

O! quiet peaceful
river,
The hours I've spent with
thee,
Is precious to my soul
tonight,

And sweet its
memory.
The starlight soft
reflecting
Upon thy silver
breast,
Brings with a haunting
glory,
A calm and peaceful
rest.

The far-off call of
songbird—
The breath of Summer
past,
The moonbeams on the
water,

Ah! memory holds
me fast.

My tiny boat is
gliding
The while I dream
and muse;
The twilight still
is deepening
Into a kinder
blue.
I love this quiet
splendor!
Its glory never
dies;

I love to watch the
sunset
That paints the autumn
skies,
But most I love the
twilight
That deepens all
along
Thy silver flowing
waters,
So full of rhythmic
song.

A BELATED ROSE

My love and I were
walking
Along the woodland
ways;
The month was mild
October,
And veiled in violet
haze.
She found a rose
belated
From Summer's torrid
heat
Among the weeds half-
hidden,
That tangled at my
feet.

“Sometime when life
is ended,
And joy makes up for
pain,
I’ll come to you from
Heaven,
And live with you
again.
Not in a dream—
a fancy,
But in another
form;
We’ll face the world
together;
We’ll smile through
calm and storm.”

'Tis years since last
we parted,
And I am old
and gray,
And that dear form
I worshiped,
Has moldered back
to clay.
But one, who followed
after,
When life seemed at
its close,
Has placed within
my fingers,
A sweet belated
rose.

Her hair like mine
is silvered
With time and grief
and care,
But over life's dark
turmoils,
A smile she seems
to wear.
And so I know my
first-love
Has never died in
vain;
She lives! She live
forever!
She's here with me
again.

AN AUTUMN DAY

Red leaves flutter through
the giant trees,
Scent of wildflowers waft
on every breeze,
Sunbeams stray through
shadows deep and long,
And bird-notes fill the day
with sweetest song.
White fleecy clouds in
scroll-patterns lie
Softly across the deep
torquoise sky,
And everywhere, a quiet
peaceful joy reigns,
And love makes up for
all the rankling pains.

Sumac's with their gold
and crimson hues,
Mingle with the frost-
flowers gentle blues,
And there's a scent of
vintage-flowing wine
Well blended with the
breath of fir and pine.
And through it all
a golden-robin sings,
As on the rose-bush he
sits and swings
Among the fluttering of
crimson leaves;
That day of sunshine
and breeze.

THE HALL OF FLAGS

I stand today in the hall
of flags
That noble hands have
made;
I hear the cry of the world's
brave sons,
Who faced death
unafraid.
As I look upon the tattered
folds
That tell of conflicts
won,
My heart goes out to the
mothers of men—
The good that they have
done.

I stand today in the hall
of flags
As autumn's sunsets
glow,
And dream of the souls
still marching on
In robes as white
as snow.
I see beyond the sunken
graves
That tell of "dust to
dust",
I see beyond the flint-locks,
too,
And swords begrimed
with rust.

I stand today in the hall
of flags
And view beyond the
tomb,
The mighty works of the
sons of men—
Proud liberty
in bloom.
But who shall tell what
the future days
Of countless glories
hold,
Or dream of the mysteries,
beyond
The sunset's blazoned
gold?

THE COMING OF NIGHT

The shadows creep across
the wold,
The sky is like a sea
of gold,
And not a sound is heard
along
The haunts, that used to
ring with song.
The garden where the roses
grew,
Is veiled with frozen beads
of dew;
The naked trees stand mute
and still,
And icy fingers touch the
rill.

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE”

Somewhere in France amid
the ruins,
A little girl and
boy
Are hanging their stockings
up tonight,
For a Christmas gift—
a toy.
I wonder will Santy visit
them
With a doll, a fife and
drum?
The little boy weeps, the little
girl sighs,
“Gaston, will Santy
come?”

Somewhere in France, the
ruined homes
Are charred and black and
grim,
While here and there, a cheery
light
Is bravely shining
dim.
I wonder will Santy visit
them
With the things they so much
need?
I wonder will the Christian
hearts
Remember the "kindly
deed."

A LEGEND OF THE LACE

The silver frost upon
the pane

A dainty pattern
formed,

The while old Boreas bolder
grew,

And screeched and raved
and stormed.

But Betty at the casement
stood,

With rosy cheeks
aglow,

And watched the flakes come
whirling down—

The first of Winter's
snow.

Then up she caught her finest
thread,
And tried to
imitate
The pattern that the frost-
king wove,
That told of Autumn's
fate.
Her needles turned this
way and that,
'Till flashing in the
sun,
The filmy work she tried
to make,
Behold! at last was
done.

Since then, her pretty work
has spread
From hovel unto
halls,
In stately castles grand
and great,
And dark and dingy
walls.
The bride has trailed it in
the dust
Of Love's forgotten
years;
Its misty folds have often
hid
Her sorrow and her
tears.

Long years have passed and
Betty dear,
Has mingled with
the dust;
Her spotless soul has passed
the stars
Where love doth never
rust.
But other maidens love
to watch
With rosy cheeks
aglow,
And imitate the frost-work
with
Fine laces, like the
snow.

And everywhere you go you'll
find

This silver misty
sheen;

The spiders try to weave
its like,

Upon the village
green.

The dews of midnight
border it

With crystal diamonds
rare,

And morning sunbeams
brighten it,

Like Betty's golden
hair.

JOAN d'ARC

O lily of Orleans that
 ever grows
As white and spotless
 as the mountain snows,
You bring to mind
 the shepherd-girl of yore
That used to watch
 you growing more & more.
The grace you bear
 I'm sure was hers alone—
A queenly grace well fitted.
 for a throne,
But who in days of youth
 did die for France,
The land of loyalty
 and sweet romance.

But in the heart of every
peasant true,
Who wears the soldier red
and gold and blue,
She lives and reigns upon
a greater throne
Than aristocrats of France
have ever known.
She lives in patriot hearts
from day to day,
To bless and cheer her brothers
on the way;
The banner that she bears,
is lily white!
The sword she wields, is lo!
a sword of Light.

DUSK

When twilight kissed
the eastern hills
With tints of violet
hue,
And twinkling stars were
shining bright,
Within a deeper
blue,
I watched the flickering
shadows glide
Across the frozen
bay
To where the solemn pine
trees wave
And sighed, the live
long day.

The blacksmith's smouldering
embers died,
The anvil ceased
to ring,
The hammer leaned against
the wall,
For night was on
the wing.
The icicles like fringes
hung
Along the sloping
eaves,
Where snowbirds twittered
in their sleep
Among the withered
leaves.

From cottage windows here
and there,
Rich lights of amber
spread,
Until it seemed the silver
stars
Reflected over-
head.
And thus it died, that
Winter day,
As dies a Summer
rose;
And the beauty of the violet
tint,
Soon faded from the
snows.

THE ROSARY

“ My boy, you’re twenty-one
today,
But ah, it seem it can’t
be true,
Since you and I have walked
life’s way—
Since God has given love
and you!
A mother’s love, oh, who
can tell
What she would not give
to her boy,
What thorny paths, yea,
down to Hell,
What gems in Heav’n,
to make his joy.

“And then, my boy, 'tis
Christmas Day,
And see! these lovely
emerald beads.
Each one a pray'r to bless
your way,
And each will stand for
kindly deeds.
And when you say your
prayer, dear one,
And come at last unto the
cross,
Through starless night or
morning sun,
The rosary will bear your
loss.”

Ten years have passed
and she is dead,
And he is saying still
his beads.

The flowers blossom white
and red,
And thistles grow & thrive
with weeds.

Down through the mountains
dark and wild,
His engine plunges through
the night,
No matter though the way
is mild,
Or storms break through with
pow'r and might.

He knows beyond all pain,
a love
Will lead him still from day
to day;
The same dear mother
from above,
Has ever taught him
to obey.
The rosary, with beads
and cross,
Has led him through some
dismal nights,
And saved him from eternal
loss,
By lending faith & heavenly
lights.

And when each Christmas
Day comes 'round,
He thinks of mother's gift
to him,
And seeks the churchyard's
hallowed bound,
And prays, 'till night falls
cold and dim.
And when at last he's
called by Death
To pass down through the
barren lands,
I'm sure he'll pray with
his last breath,—
His rosary clasped in his
hands.

LADY MARY'S PICTURE

Lady Mary's picture
hangs
Up in the attic
close,
With herbs of myrrh
and lavender
And petals
of a rose.
An old and faded
parasol,
Hangs from a rafter
brown,
A figured muslin rich
with lace—
'Twas Lady Mary's
gown.

Her picture is a lovely
bit
of painting rich
and rare;
She wears a gown of
azure blue;
A rosebud in her
hair.
A necklace, too, of coral
pink,
About her neck
is clasped,
Her slim white hands
are twined with flow'rs,
As if to hold them
fast.

She was the belle of Paris,
then,
In eighteen-thirty-
three,
And had a lover of the
Court,
A son of
royalty.
The royal son of Count
de Forge—
Who fought and died
for France.
She found him on the
battlefield
Upon a broken
lance.

They carried Lady Mary
home—

She died ere died
the day.

They placed her in her
father's tomb

Upon the Sabbath
day.

But this was in the long
ago,

The days of old
romance,

When hearts were given
to bleed and die,

As now they are
in France.

Her picture used to grace
the walls
Of Castle Marr,
'tis said,
Before the fields were
marred and flowed
With riverlets
of red.
But just as sweet she seems
to smile,
As on the happy
day
She kissed her soldier lover
true,
And watched him ride
away,

THE PINES

I love to go where the tall
pines grow

In the heart of the wood-
land dim,

And watch the flowers
in the quiet hours,

And hear the brooklets
evening hymn.

For there is rest and the
soul is blest,

And beneath each spreading
tree,

I learn of God from the
fragrant sod,

Yea, I learn of His
mystery.

I love to go where the tall
pines grow
When the wintry days are
here,
And watch the trees in the
balmy breeze,
Nod with the waning
year.
I love the sweet scent—'tis
time well spent
For it gives me health
divine;
The poet may sing of the
oak as king,
But I crave the evergreen
pine.

THE CATHEDRAL

It stands in the morning's
holy light,
The cathedral grand
to see;
Its marble walls are divinely
white,
And its lofty spires are
three.
The golden rays of the
morning sun
Through the rose-stained
window stream,
'Till a row of rubies deeply
bathed
In a martyr's blood, they
seem.

A crucifix of the Christ
stands high,
In a lofty niche
of gold,
And methinks I hear
a feeble sigh
From the marble lips
so cold.

The sigh is lost in the
gleaming light
That comes like a
crimson flood,
And stains the steps of
the altar, white,
Like the Master's
precious blood.

And then, as if from the
world beyond,
The priest in his holy
chant
Of Christ who died and
today is born,
Draws nigh as the sun-
beams slant.
Draws nigh in a rich
crescendo grand,
That soars to the highest
dome,
And comes as if from the
Promised Land—
From the white Celestial
Home.

Caught in the sweep of a
thousand prayers,
It pours through the
marble halls,
As sweet as the songs of
the seraphim,
From the azure heavenly
walls.
And then from the spires
the bells ring clear
And sweet, o'er the misty
wold,
And the rich and the poor
from far and near,
Are saying their beads
of gold.

Now the crimson stain
has reached the side
Of the Master standing
there,
Above the white altar
rich and wide,
In the midst of song
and prayer.
O, harken! nor drown
that sweet low voice;
O, be not so deaf—
so blind!
The words, are but the
words of His choice—
“Be gentle, be just,
be kind.”

It stands in the morning's
holy light,
The cathedral grand
to see;
Its marble walls are divinely
white,
And its lofty spires are
three.
The golden rays of the
morning sun
Through the rose-stained
window stream,
'Till a row of rubies deeply
bathed
In a martyr's blood, they
seem.

DESTINY

Deep within the shadows
of a quiet day,
Love and I sat dreaming
alone;
It was November, yet
'twas fair as May,
For Life's beauty was on
the throne.
A perfect day—no cloudlet
marred the blue;
We dreamed of glories yet
to be
For us who loved as perfect
lovers do,
In true soul-
unity.

O, happy day! how often
I have prayed
That you might come
again;
How often through the long
dark hours I've strayed
Amid the sunshine
and the rain.
How many joys we reap
in one short hour,
Before we face Eternal
night!
How often too, we crave
for Love's sweet flow'r
Arrayed in beauty spotless
white!

The tide of destiny will
bear us far
Until we reach the boundless
sea!
But Love will be our light—
our guiding star,
If rough or smooth the
journey be.
The memory of the pleasant
dreams we've had
In olden times—alas, those
happy days,
Will teach us patience as the
sunset's red
Must veil the valley of our
parting ways.

THE DYING PRIEST

At eventide I climbed
the steps
Where saints have often
stood before,
And viewed the sunset's
splendor rare,
Like sand upon a golden
shore.
I heard sweet anthems
while I stood
Amid the glory of it
all,
I heard the priestly message
given—
It sounded like a shepherd's
call.

“He seeks the lost ones of
the fold
That wander in the mist
of sin;
That hear no music save
the call
Of worldliness and blatant
din.”
I little thought he called for
me,
The good priest in the chapel
old,
As I stood there beneath
the dome
And watched the sunset sea
of gold.

How little in our rush
for Life,
We heed the glories close
at hand,
Until some cherished one
is gone
To join the ones in Spirit
Land.
The priest is dead—
before he died,
He said, "My boy, I called
you long.
I prayed for you—I wept
for you—
I plead for you, in chant
and song."

He placed a crucifix
of gold
Beneath my trembling
fingers close,
And with it, velvet petals
red—
Stray petals of his
favorite rose.
And then I felt the thread
of life
Run out from those slim
fingers cold
That placed within my
own, the bits
Of rose, and crucifix
of gold.

At eventide I climbed
the steps
Where saints have often
stood before,
And viewed the sunset's
splendor rare,
Like sand upon a golden
shore.
I heard sweet anthems
while I stood
Amid the glory of it
all,
I heard the priestly message
given—
It sounded like a shepherd's
call.

A SONNET OF FAITH

If we should live from
day to day
The best we knoweth
how,
Would not the eventide's
cool breath
Bring peace and quiet to
each brow?
Would not the love-star
light our way
Through dreamland's silent
glade,
And give us faith and
boundless love
To keep us
unafraid?

Would not a purer, holier
faith
Rise from the things now
dead, and gone,
And sanctify and
magnify
Our souls, ere comes
the dawn
And lead us from the paths
of Night,
To those of Love and Right
and Light?

THE MESSIAH

Bloodred clouds hang
o'er the hills,
Darkening shadows
slowly fall,
And three crosses dark
and drear
Stand outside the city
wall,
While the lightning
cleaves the sky,
And the bats dart swiftly
by.

“The Messiah!” cries
the voices
Near the crosses, stark,
above,
For a golden light—
behold!
Crowns the Christ—the
King of Love,
As the night with shadows
long,
Hushes all the hills
of song.

Up the steep, the King
of Earth
Rides upon his charger
white,
For he fain would see
this Christ
And the glory of the
light—
Hidden in the dusk—draws
nigh,
As the bats dart swiftly
by.

“The Messiah!” sounds
the voices,
That his soul remembers
well.

His horse—his favorite steed
draws back
And rears, as if by magic
spell,
While the night with shadows
long,
Hushes all the hills
of song.

In his face burns guile
and shame,
And his spirit quails
within;
He is caught within the
snares
And the swift whirlwinds
of Sin,
As he sees the Christ
on high,
Though the clouds obscure
the sky.

THE SANCTUS

Sweetly from the lofty
spire,

Hark! the bell
is ringing,

And I hear a chant
divine;

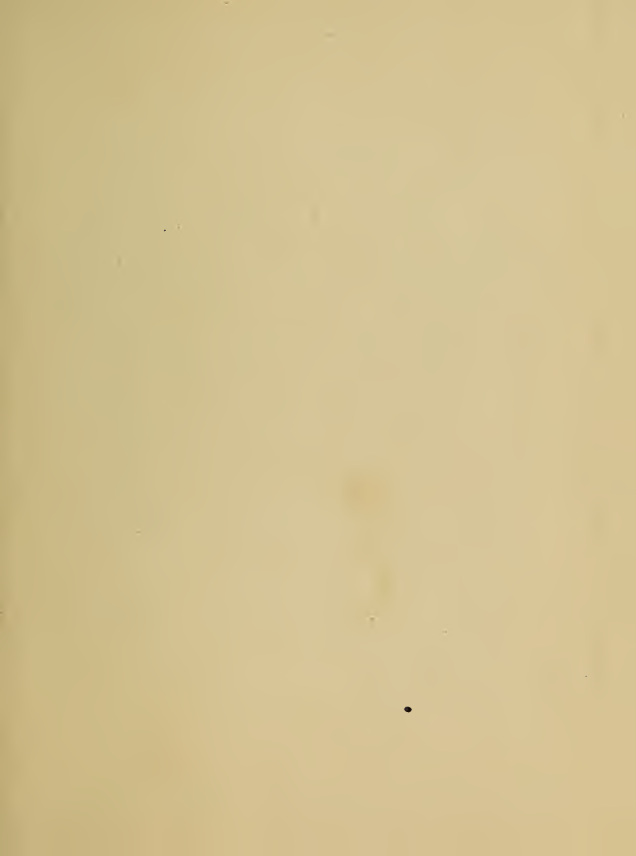
'Tis the good priest
singing

“Holy, holy, holy,”

And I cross myself in
pray'r,

As I stand and listen
there.

Slowly from my soul
they pass,
All the sorrows
chiding,
For the spirit of the
Master
Leads the chant
abiding—
“Holy, holy, holy,”
And I see on Calvary’s
tree,
Christ, who died, alas,
for me.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

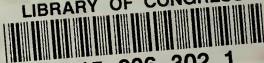
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